

What should I doe, to make him know I love him,  
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd  
To set him free? what saies the law then? Thus much  
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,  
And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. *Exit.*

*Scena 4. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous,*

*Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.*

This short flo-  
rish of Cor-  
nets and  
Showtes with  
in.

*Thes.* You have done worthily; I have not seene  
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher synewes;  
What ere you are, you run the best, and wrastle,  
That these times can allow.

*Arcite.* I am proud to please you.

*Thes.* What Countrie bred you?

*Arcite.* This; but far off, Prince.

*Thes.* Are you a Gentleman?

*Arcite.* My father said so;  
And to those gentle uses gave me life.

*Thes.* Are you his heire?

*Arcite.* His yongest Sir.

*Thes.* Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?

*Arcite.* A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd  
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise  
My feat in horsemanship; yet they that knew me  
Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,  
I would be thought a Souldier.

*Thes.* You are perfect.

*Pirith.* Vpon my soule, a proper man.

*Emilia.* He is so.

*Per.* How doe you like him Ladie?

*Hip.* I admire him,

I have not seene so yong a man, so noble  
(If he say true,) of his sort.

*Emil.* Beleeve,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,  
His face me thinkes, goes that way.

*Hyp.* But his Body

And

And fire minde, illustrate a brave Father.  
*Per.* Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun  
Breakes through his baser garments.

*Hyp.* Hee's well got sure.

*Thes.* What made you seeke this place Sir?

*Arc.* Noble *Theseus*.

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service  
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,  
Fo onely in thy Court, of all the world  
dwells faire-eyd honor.

*Per.* All his words are worthy:

*Thes.* Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,  
Nor shall you loose your wish: *Pirithous*  
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

*Pirith.* Thanks *Theseus*.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I shall give you  
To a most noble service, to this Lady,  
This bright yong Virgin; pray observe her goodnesse;  
You have honoured hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,  
And as your due y'ar hirs: kisse her faire hand Sir.

*Arc.* Sir, y'ar a noble Giver: dearest Bewtie,  
Thus let me seale my vovd faith: when your Servant  
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,  
Command him die, he shall.

*Emil.* That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir; I shall soone see't: (you.  
Y'ar mine, and somewhat better than your rancke Ile use

*Per.* Ile see you furnish'd, and because you say  
You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you  
This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.

*Arc.* I like him better (Prince) I shall not then  
Freeze in my Saddle.

*Thes.* Sweet, you must be readie,  
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all  
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance  
To flowry May, in *Dians* wood: waite well Sir  
Vpon your Mistris: *Emely*, I hope  
He shall not goe a foote.

F

*Emil.*